

WHEN BABY COMES—AND GOES.

When baby comes
What glad surprise
To and fro;
While mother lies
A smiling queen
And holds a court
For young my lord;
And lauds his king
Of every heart—
When baby comes.

When baby goes
What sad parade
What bushy tidings
To and fro;
While mother weeps
A dazed thing,
Her baby holds
His solemn court.
His brow is crowned
With silence, awe,
His mute sweet lips
Give no command;
But lord and lady
Weeping bow—
When baby goes.

When baby comes
What glad surprise
That love has shaped
Itself a king.
A rosy king,
With dimpled hands
That signal off,
Are oft obeyed,
By lord and lady,
Great and small,
When baby comes.

When baby goes
What sad surprise
That death has claimed
Our baby king.
Our marble king,
Whose dimpled hands
Make signal none,
But all obey,
Pathetic, white,
And motionless,
His tiny hands
Bid all to weep—
When baby goes.

—F. L. Ward, in N. Y. Independent.

Like Pharaoh's Hosts.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

WHERE the city of Topeka, Kan., stands to-day there was once a trading post 40 years ago, and the country roundabout was but sparsely settled. The winter had been unusually long and hard, and many of the farmers found their stock of groceries and provisions running low long before the roads became passable for teams. Trips to the post were made on foot and horseback, and by a few who lived along the Kaw river and were fortunate enough to own them, on skates.

Among these were Robert Channing, a boy of 16, and his sister Eliza, a healthy red-checked girl two years younger. The Channings had moved to Kansas from western New York the summer before, and "Bob" and "Liza" had brought their skates along as a matter of course. A little before Christmas they had made the trip together to the post, dragging a hand-sled between them, and returning with a few Christmas trifles the post afforded, and such necessities as were running low at that time. A severe storm set in the next day and continued for more than a week. Then came a week of intense cold, followed by rain and a general breaking up which made the roads worse than ever before. The river, however, still remained frozen over and the ice was considered safe, though somewhat mushy in places along the edge. It was just at this time that the Channings found themselves entirely out of coffee and very low on bacon, with no other meat whatever. "Bob" and "Liza" were eager to make the 15-mile trip again, and immediately began cleaning and sharpening their skates for that purpose, but Mr. Channing shook his head.

"I don't like to have you do it," he said, anxiously.
"Why, father, the river's safe. Just a little wet, that's all," replied "Bob," faintly.
"I think the river's all right myself after the hard freeze we had. It wasn't that I was thinking of it."
"What then? Not robbers, I hope?"
"No, not human robbers, but worse, perhaps. This hard winter has been felt by beasts as well as men. And beasts come to men when they're hungry. I thought I heard a wolf howl this morning across the prairie. I'm not sure, but it makes me uneasy to have you go."

"Oh, please! I'm not afraid of a cowardly wolf!" said "Bob," rather grandly. "Are you, 'Liza'?"
Eliza was not to be outdone.
"No; of course not," she assented.
"They couldn't catch us, anyway, and you can take father's pistol."

Mr. Channing went outside and looked out over the prairie listening. There was no sound but the cawing of some hungry crows, and the cup of coffee he had missed that morning weakened his resolve. Mrs. Channing, who was a hardy New England woman, did not encourage his misgivings. Half an hour later he saw his two fresh checked children skate away with a swinging stride, the little hand sled bobbing along behind.

It was a pleasant thaw morning, and though there were pools of water on the ice in places the skating was not bad. Once or twice the skaters thought they felt the frozen surface give beneath them, and concluded that perhaps after all there would not be many more days of safety. They reached the post however without accident, except that one of "Liza's" skate straps broke and had to be repaired, which caused some little delay. They ate lunch at the store, and after loading the sled started back about three o'clock.

They felt almost immediately that the warm day had led on the already softening ice. Every few strokes there was a cracking beneath their feet and an almost imperceptible swaying movement of the frozen mass. "You had better skate on ahead, 'Liza,'" said "Bob," at last. "There is too much weight with both of us and the sled. I can drag it all right, and I'll let you take it awhile later."

This arrangement was made with good results, and for several miles they progressed with little cause for alarm. Then suddenly there came something which made Bob's heart jump. It was no movement or sound from the ice. From the bank above and not far behind came a short bark, then a prolonged howl, followed by another and another. They were still four miles from home. The January sky had clouded thickly and it was growing dusk on the river. He had said that he was not afraid of wolves, but there was something in this dismal chorus and gathering night that made him bound forward and overtake his sister.

"The wolves!" he gasped. "A pack of them!"

The girl seized the rope without a word and in spite of the cracking and swaying ice they leaned forward together at the top of their speed. But they were not swift enough. They could tell by the voices that the wolves had descended to the river and realized that they were gaining. Bob drew his father's revolver and fired two shots over his shoulder. This checked the howling for a brief moment and they believed the pursuers had hesitated. Perhaps in this way he could keep them back long enough. He had four more more shots and they were still more than four miles from home. Suddenly Liza stumbled and gave a low cry. Her strap had broken again and her skate hung uselessly on her foot.

"Oh, Bob! we're lost!" she cried, speaking now for the first time.
The boy whipped out his knife and cut the strings that held the bundles on the hand sled.
"Get on!" he commanded, as he thrust the packages aside.
The girl obeyed and in another moment they were speeding away again, though less rapidly than before. The girl on the sled looked back up the river where she could see a dark mass in the dimming light.
"Give me the pistol, Bob!" she called.

He reached it back to her, and when the dark mass drew nearer she fired into it. There was a yelp, and a brief pause. Then the pack moved forward again, howling now and then in concert. When they reached the packages they paused again and seemed to be fighting. This gave the fugitives a little better start, and Liza felt encouraged. Then the dark mass came rushing on again and her heart sank. She had three more shots in the revolver, and when the band was a few yards behind she fired one of them and a little later the second. Just before she fired the third she felt the ice beneath the sled crack and give alarmingly. She realized that they were on a riddle, where the ice was always thinner than elsewhere, owing to the swiftness of the water, and she breathed easier as they passed beyond it. Then, for the wolves were close upon them, she fired the third shot, and the fiercest howl that followed told that it had gone home. There was a chorus of yelps and snarls—they were fighting over the wounded animal. And then, the girl could scarcely believe her eyes, for the dark howling mass suddenly disappeared, and she saw the splash



A RACE FOR LIFE.

which told that the thin ice on the riddle had broken through.

"Bob! Bob!" she called, "they're drowning!"

"What did you say?" came the panting reply.

"They're drowning, I tell you! We're saved!"

The sled slackened and the boy tottered. He was at the point of exhaustion.

"Drowning!" he gasped.

It was true. The weight of the struggling mass had been too much for the weakened ice, and the swift water beneath swept the hungry creatures to death. Two managed to struggle out and disappeared over the bank.

"Oh, Bob! It's like Pharaoh's hosts!" cried Liza, hysterically. "We're delivered from the Egyptians!"

They were, indeed. Bob listened a moment, then he said:

"Let's go up on the other bank, and go back and see if we can find any of the things."

Eliza hesitated at first, but presently her courage returned. The wolves were gone, and when they passed the break in the ice there was no sign of anything but the swift water. A few hundred yards further back they found everything but the meat. That the wolves had devoured. They gathered up the bundles and returned to the sled. Then Bob hastily repaired the broken skate strap, and in half an hour, later they reached home in safety.

When Mr. Channing heard the story he was filled with remorse and thankfulness.

"It was my weakness," he said, "to let you go, but, as Eliza says, God took care of you and delivered you as He did the children of Israel."

Bob sat rubbing his arms and looking into the fire. "It was a pretty close call for the children," he said, thoughtfully. —N. Y. Herald.

Eight Days on the Witness Stand.

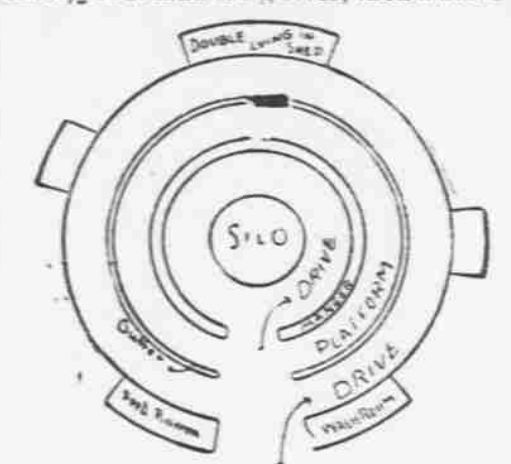
"The longest time I ever saw one witness on the stand," said a man from Hardin county, "was during the life of Judge Kinehole, who was regarded as one of the ablest members of the Circuit-inferior bar. He was honored by his people with the high offices to which he aspired, and he was always respected in the highest as a man of learning and a ripe scholar. During his active legal practice land titles were much unsettled in our county, and some of the most important suits came up over titles. In the case of Askins vs. Askins, in which Judge Kinehole and the late George W. Williams, of Owensboro, were the counsel, the taking of testimony consumed two months. It was then that Mr. Askins was on the stand continuously for over eight days, and when the judge had questioned him from every conceivable point of view, he said: 'Well, Mr. Askins, you are excused, but I'm afraid we've pumped you so dry you won't have anything to tell your wife and family when you get home.' The witness retired badly confused, but evidently glad to get off the rack." —Louisville Post.

—The world has 200,000 postmasters.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

CHEAP DAIRY BARN.

Circular in Shape and Large Enough for Thirty Cows.
Bulletin 142 of the North Carolina experiment station gives plan and description of a circular dairy barn for 30 cows. We have had the plan engraved, and it explains itself in a great measure. The silo is in the center; a driveway comes next, then three-foot mangers, five-foot platform for the cows to stand on, a 7½-foot walk between the cows, outside of the 1½-foot manure gutter, then a driveway.



CIRCULAR DAIRY BARN.

way. This makes the barn 70 feet in diameter. This form of barn is very compact, and can be built cheaply. No large timbers are required. Sheds for silos, bulls, calves, teams, swine, etc., are built outside, in segments of the circle, at a convenient distance from the barn, and runways outside. A feed-room and wash-room are built on either side of doorway. One room can be used for separating milk, wash-room for milks, etc. Other rooms can be built at convenient points, between windows, for bedding material, lying-in stalls, etc.—Ohio Farmer.

EASILY CULTIVATED.

Some Reasons Why Sweet Peas Should Be Planted Everywhere.

Sweet peas are among the oldest and most common of the flowers that are cultivated. Their beauty was recognized by our forefathers, who called them "painted ladies," and indeed they do have a very human appearance. The late years have brought increasing appreciation of these flowers, and the old painted ladies have been broken into innumerable sorts, covering almost every shade from lemon yellow to a purple that is almost black. They come in pure white and in variegations of many kinds, and the size of the flowers has been greatly increased.

They are of easiest culture and should be planted as early as it is possible to work the ground in the spring. Even if they are sipped by the frost after coming up they are not hurt, and the peas will lie in the ground for weeks without injury. They should be planted in moderately firm soil, and do better if the soil is allowed to get hard about the roots. A row of sweet peas 50 feet long will produce flowers for all purposes from early in June until killed by the frost if the flowers are kept picked off as fast as they fade, for when seeds are allowed to form the plant dies. As cut flowers there is nothing better or easier to grow.—Farmers' Voice.

TIMELY DAIRY NOTES.

It is neither profitable nor necessary for a cow to go dry for four to six weeks.

Smoking an ancient pipe in the milk-room or where there is butter shows at once that the smoker is not fit to be a dairyman.

A cow should be cared for in proportion to her earnings. Perhaps she observes the same rule, and pays according to the care she gets. Investigate this.

The cow that is milked slowly makes less butter than she would if milked quickly. This may seem strange, but Prof. Babcock has established the truth of this statement.

There is no better absorbent for the cow stable than dry earth. Even where straw is plentiful, the use of earth will keep the air pure and the platforms drier than where straw or other litter is depended upon.

It is not well to invest in those preparations which are advertised to increase the amount of butter to be made from a given quantity of milk. The amount which can be made is strictly limited by the amount of butter fat which the milk contains.—Rural World.

Keeping Exact Dairy Records.

A dairyman should be as much of a business man as those in the mercantile pursuits or other business vocations of life in the matter of keeping reliable, exact records of the details of his business, the tests of individuals and their monthly, if not weekly, milk and butter records. Also the cost of food consumed by it is not only the cow which gives the most milk or butter which is the most valuable, but which produces the largest amount for the least cost. A record should also be kept of each individual cow's offspring and the sire for a cow which is a good breeder, and begets a fine progeny—though she may not be so very good herself—is a first-class animal for the dairyman.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Best Is None Too Good.

No dairyman should be satisfied with any but the best; of course, they cost more, but the cost of feed for a good cow is no more than for a poor one, while the returns are many times greater; neither is the care and attention any more. It is a fact that feed, labor, care and attention are disproportionate in a poor animal when compared with a good one. It is not necessary that cows should be "thoroughbreds" to secure good results; excellent animals are found among natives and grades, and it is these that should be sought. The great object should be to secure those descended from well-known milk and butter strains.—Rural World.

How It Helped the Farmers.

"The beauty of good roads was exemplified Saturday," says the Quincy (Ill.) Herald, "when the farmers of Riverside and Ellington townships came to town with loads of hay and straw and produce, and the farmers of other townships had to stay at home at home, because the roads were too muddy. To start meant to be mired, and so no start was made. And all because of lack of enterprise in providing good roads."

A Benefactress' Kind Act.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. John Tansey, of 130 Baker Street, Detroit, Michigan, is one of those women who always know just what to do in all trouble and sickness. One that is a mother to those in distress. To a reporter she said: "I am the mother of two children and have raised eight of them. Several years ago I had a serious time with my daughter, which began when she was about sixteen years old. She did not have any serious illness, but seemed to gradually waste away. Having never had consumption in our family, as some of our old Irish and Scotch stock, we did not think it was that. Our doctor called the disease by an old name which I afterward learned meant lack of blood."

It is impossible to describe the feeling which I had as we noticed our daughter slowly passing away from us. We finally found, however, a medicine that seemed to



help her, and from the first we noticed a decided change for the better, and after three months' treatment her health was so greatly improved that we would not have recognized her. She gained in flesh rapidly and was soon in perfect health. The medicine was called 'Wills' Pink Pills for Pale People.' I have always kept these pills in the house since and have recommended them to many people. I have told mothers about them and they have effected some wonderful cures."

Every mother in this land should keep these pills in the house, as they are good for many ailments, particularly those arising from impoverished or diseased blood, and weakened nerve force.

TOO OBLIGING.

A Housemaid's Effort to Please and Its Disappointing Result.

A young woman, whose home is in St. Paul, spent a few days in Washington the guest of a congressional family from New England. She had just returned from a six months' tour of Europe, and the traveling bag she carried was plastered over with steamers labels and stamps of half the famous hotels on the continent. She is not an ostentatious person, by any means, the St. Paul girl, but she certainly did get great store by that decorated bag, and gazed with pride on the labels. Her claim of the congressional family. On the morning of the guest's departure for St. Paul the maid appeared at the door of her room, wreathed with smiles and holding the traveling bag in her hand.

"Here's your valise, miss," she said, gleefully. "I had some trouble with it, and it took quite a little soaking; but I knew you wouldn't want to start off with all those tags pasted all over it, and I thought you and the valise just looks brand new."

And if you want to see a striking example of rage too deep for speech you have only to speak of New England neatness in the presence of one young woman from St. Paul.—Washington Post.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; and cases of deafness caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Alternative.

The police justice had formerly been a hard one. He had gone into politics and had been elected by a big majority. This was his first case. Mary McMann was up before him for drunkenness. The justice looked at her for a minute and then sternly: "Well, what are you here for?"

"If yer please, yer honor," said Mary; "the copper boyet pulled me in, sayin' 'I was drunk.' An' I don't drink, yer honor; I don't drink."

"All right," said the justice, his former bartender habit getting the best of him; "all right; have a cigar."—Detroit Free Press.

Many People Cannot Drink
coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and get a good night's sleep. For (Grain-O) is a substitute for nourishment, cheer and feeds. Yet it sleeps and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous people, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to try. Try it in place of coffee. 15 and 25c.

Looking Forward.
Sh—And you will always love me?
He—Do you think I'm a prophet?—Up To Date.

Lane's Family Medicine.
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. It cleanses the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

A big man with a soprano voice sounds just as funny as a little man with a deep bass voice.—Washington Democrat.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, February 14, 1895.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 4 25 @ 5 10
BOSCH—Fair to Choice..... 3 50 @ 4 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 2 50 @ 3 00
FLOUR—No. 2 Hard..... 2 25 @ 2 50
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 10 25 @ 10 50
OATS—No. 2..... 9 25 @ 9 50
POULTRY—CHICKENS..... 10 25 @ 10 50

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling..... 23 25 @ 23 50
BEANS—Green..... 2 25 @ 2 50
CALVES—Cows and Heifers..... 2 50 @ 3 00
HOGS—Fair to Select..... 3 50 @ 4 00
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 4 00 @ 4 50
FLOUR—Patents..... 4 75 @ 4 90
WHEAT—Clear and Straight..... 4 00 @ 4 50
OATS—No. 2..... 9 25 @ 9 50
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 10 25 @ 10 50
RICE—No. 2..... 10 25 @ 10 50
TOBACCO—Lugs..... 2 50 @ 3 00
HAY—Clear Timothy..... 2 50 @ 3 00
EGGS—Fresh..... 10 25 @ 10 50
POULTRY—Standard (new)..... 10 25 @ 10 50
BAKON—Clear Rib..... 10 25 @ 10 50
LARD—Prime Steam..... 10 25 @ 10 50

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 4 00 @ 5 50
BOSCH—Fair to Choice..... 3 50 @ 4 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 2 50 @ 3 00
FLOUR—No. 2 Hard..... 2 25 @ 2 50
WHEAT—Spring Patents..... 4 00 @ 4 50
OATS—No. 2..... 9 25 @ 9 50
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 10 25 @ 10 50
POULTRY—CHICKENS..... 10 25 @ 10 50
COTTON—Middling..... 23 25 @ 23 50

NEW ORLEANS.

CORN—No. 2..... 10 25 @ 10 50
OATS—No. 2..... 9 25 @ 9 50
POULTRY—CHICKENS..... 10 25 @ 10 50
COTTON—Middling..... 23 25 @ 23 50

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 2 75 @ 3 00
BOSCH—Fair to Choice..... 2 50 @ 3 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Hard..... 3 25 @ 3 50
OATS—No. 2..... 9 25 @ 9 50
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 10 25 @ 10 50

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THE NEW WORLD.

Interest is Aroused in the Canadian West.



The exhibits of grains and grasses, roots and vegetables, the product of the fertile lands of Western Canada, which were made at the several state and county fairs in some of the Western states this fall, have awakened considerable interest in the lands which the Canadian Government has opened for settlement, and the agents of the government, who are to be found in these states, are flooded with inquiries regarding the conditions on which these lands may be secured. Large numbers have located on these lands during the past year, and sent back to their friends most encouraging reports. They say they have entered on an era of prosperity, and are well pleased with both the agricultural possibilities and the climate. The provinces of Manitoba, Assinaboa and Alberta are especially adapted to diversified farming. In some parts the country is specially adapted to stock raising, and it is being profitably pursued. In these parts snow seldom remains a week at a time, the warm breezes from the ocean affecting the climate thus favorably. When the desert climate of these lands is fully known there will be a rush such as has scarcely ever before been known. Information as to low railway rates, illustrated pamphlets, etc., will be forwarded with pleasure by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, if you attach in possession of the name of an agent of the government.

The Young Idea.
"Mamma, I guess I know why Mr. Burns is in the front row at the theater."
"Why, my dear?"
"So, I guess, can see that he's got a little hair left behind."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

February Excursions.
Opportunities for visiting the South during this month, via the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, are as follows:
Home-Seekers' Excursions, on first and third Tuesday at about one fare for the round trip.

Florida Chautauqua at DeFuniak Springs begins on the 15th inst. Splendid programme, beautiful place, low rates.

Mardi Gras at Mobile and New Orleans on 22d inst. Tickets at half rates.

For full particulars, write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Geo. B. Horner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Failed to Please.
Tom—That composer made himself very unpopular.
Dick—How?
"By putting on such airs."—Up-to-Date.

Customs Cases Decided.
The general appraisers of goods passing through the Custom House have made several decisions lately which, until passed upon by the Board of Customs, would hold good. But while there is stability in that quarter, no system failing in strength can be properly sustained without the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a gentle tonic and remedy for malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

A man who has scattered a good many compliments says that it pleases a man more to compliment his children than it does to compliment his wife.—Atchison Globe.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 633 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

We wonder why a hammer driving a nail on Sunday always sounds so much louder than on week days.—Washington Democrat.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

However sad a man may feel, he loses his look of sadness when eating a good dinner.—Atchison Globe.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piao's Cure for Consumption. Louis Landman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

It is astonishing how many people criticize things they know nothing about.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The inventor of suspenders that would never break would be assured of a fortune.—Washington Democrat.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly."

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had